

## EIGHT MAKES MIGHT

That Is the Opinion of Many in Regard to China.

Old Army Officer Explains Why He Is Sure That the Armies of the Civilized World Will Conquer China's Millions.

[Special Washington Letter.]  
HE WAS a marvelously gifted writer who declared that "old things have passed away; behold, all things are become new." In the mutations of time the changes in our environments are wonderful, and so also are the changes in ourselves.

One who was blessed with the philosophic instinct and the training of a seer, and also gifted with the inspiration of poetry, penned the oft-quoted lines:

"I have dipped into the future far as human eye can see,  
Saw a vision of the world, and all the wonders that shall be,  
When the war drum throbs no longer, and  
The battle flags are furled,  
In the Parliament of Man, the federation  
Of the world."

But even that seer could not know that nations should furl their battle flags and muffle their drums; that there should be universal conferences looking to the conservation of universal international peace; and that again and again the war drums should throb and the battle flags be waved on high, with hundreds of thousands of men in battle array, nation against nation, fighting like savage beasts for supremacy over apparently desirable portions of the crust of the perishable earth.

But there shall be wars and rumors of wars for many years before the advent of that millennium for which myriads of men and women have prayed. In the development of the great plan of which we know so little right and wrong must clash and oftentimes the wrong must seem to triumph, only to spur on to greater endeavor those who persist in forcing the right into the van of the battlefield of human endeavor.

Very few people think of the fact that, divinely inspired and projected though it was, Christianity groveled in the obscurity of the world for 300 years before it was made respectable by its acceptance in Rome and its enthronement on equality with the scepter of the Caesars. Ten generations of men and women lived and suffered and died without seeing any sign of an answer to their prayers.

Capt. Whittleton, an old army officer who has served his country long and well, and who still renders efficient service in a quiet way in one of the great executive departments, discussing the conditions in China to-day said:

"There is a great element in human affairs which the most effective and efficient soldiers never take into calculation. It is probably just as well that they do not, but rely apparently upon their own endeavors. I am not a religionist, but simply a man of affairs, and one who has seen the terrible power of Right when arrayed against Wrong in the struggles of mankind in this world. In the actual combat there is a power with those who are right, which makes them invulnerable to superior numbers, and which enables men to almost accomplish miracles without realizing that they are doing a work which is greater than their own conception of the duties of the hour."

"It is on this account that the millions in China have no terrors for me."



CHARGING UP LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

What they have done is wrong. They have outraged all civilization by their treatment of the diplomatic ministers of the nations of the world. They have been wrong in their indiscriminate massacres of innocent women and children. They are as wrong to-day as King Herod when he ordered and consummated the slaughter of the innocents. Because they are wrong, they will be made to suffer, and the nations of the world need not be intimidated with their vast numbers.

"In private life, without the incentive to do something for the right, no considerable number of men could be induced to go on a picnic and climb the rugged heights of Lookout mountain on the coolest and most pleasant day of the year. And yet I saw thousands of men climb those heights on a hot afternoon, in the face of a terrific and well-directed fire of capable men who were defending the mountain. They were inspired with a purpose, believing that they were right, and they went upward and upward until they were fighting above the clouds. Every man knew that death and wounds must be inevitable, and that all were amenable to the stern law of impact and impingement when the shot and shell and minie bullet were singing and ringing above and about them. But there was no faltering of individuals, no wavering of the lines."

"Moreover, I have seen mule teams, during war times, pulling loads through mud and mire and accomplishing what even the dumb brutes

could not have been driven to attempt under ordinary conditions.

"Why did 27,000 Spanish soldiers at Santiago surrender to 16,000 American soldiers, when the Spaniards were entrenched and the Americans were on the outside and in the trenches? It was because those American soldiers represented the invincible power of Right, and those who were in the wrong knew it. Moreover, preceding circumstances manifesting the power of right principles made destiny so apparent that even the Spanish government at Madrid saw the handwriting on the wall and authorized that surrender. Otherwise the hundred thousand Spaniards under command of Gen. Blanco might until this day have been carrying on war, living on the country, and baffling superior numbers. The surrender at Santiago was the consummation of a great plan, far above and beyond human knowledge."

The soldier-philosopher went on to say: "In the preliminary development of this new world, the Spanish freebooters under De Soto, Cortes, Pizarro, and the rest, were an essential element. But when their time came to make way for better men and purer designs those Spanish freebooters had to give way. It was the culmination of their destiny that they should be de-



THE INVASION OF CHINA.

feated by a small army in Cuba, and driven from this hemisphere because right makes might.

"Now as to China: she is like the man that hid his talent under a bushel. The centuries have come and gone and she has not increased her talent. She has lived behind her wall of selfishness and declined to see the cross. Finally, in desperation of supreme selfishness, she has resorted to the sword in a most cowardly and brutal manner; and she shall perish by the sword."

"In one of your recent letters you said that China can send 60,000,000 soldiers into the field. That is very true; but it is not the whole truth. China can raise such an army, and can equip the men with modern guns and ammunition, but China cannot give those men the inspiration of being right. The Philistines produced the Goliath, but David, having right on his side, needed only his sling and five smooth stones from the brook."

All of this, uttered with great emphasis and considerable vehemence, was interesting and philosophically correct. But it overlooks the element of right on the side of China; the invasion of her seclusion by methods and teachings, unwelcome and exasperating. It is an assumption to assert that China has buried her talent under a bushel, because we have no means of knowing what progress China has made during all of the centuries of her existence. We have only a very superficial knowledge of her true history.

One of the officials of the department of state to whom these observations were narrated said: "The government at Washington has been considering the question of right and wrong from the beginning. There is no better aphorism in diplomacy than to 'be sure you are right, and then go ahead.' Days and weeks went slowly by, the whole world being in anxiety concerning our representatives on Chinese soil, and almost two months elapsed before the government at Washington said to China that her conduct was 'unfriendly.' Even that mild declaration of national and international purpose was ignored by China. What provocations the government at Peking may assume to have had cannot now be considered. If provocations there were, China could have ordered that all negotiations with the remainder of the world should be broken off, and the diplomatic ministers and foreign residents could have been requested to depart. Whatever of right China had has been obscured by the great wrong which she has done. China seems to have accelerated the date for her dismemberment, or for her humiliation. The nations of the world cannot endure what has been done without resentment and punishment."

These men, who reason from the standpoint of great experience in affairs, seem to believe that in the passing away of old things ancient China is to become a memory with a history, and that the nations of the world will have power to open that vast country to the free access of the pioneers of the civilization of the orient.

If it is so written, we shall witness this marvel of the beginning of the century, and with our own eyes see that "old things have passed away, and all things are become new."

SMITH D. FRY.

Thoughtful.  
"No," said the lady prisoner, "I cannot show you the bottle in which I carried the vitriol, as it was broken in the affray, but before I used it I had it photographed. I will give you one of the pictures at once!"

Such thoughtful appreciation of the demands of journalism was sure to raise in behalf of the accused a powerful influence not to be ignored.—Indianapolis Press.

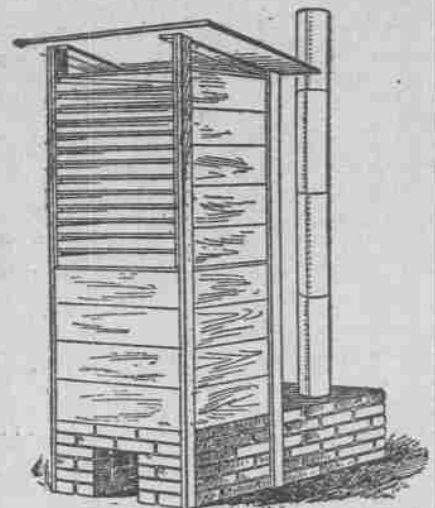


## EVAPORATING CORN.

An Effective Arrangement Which Any Man or Boy Handy with Tools Can Make.

As the time to put up green corn for winter is at hand, I will give my way. If the corn is gathered at just the right stage, that is when it is perfectly tender, it is nicer than any brand of canned corn I ever bought.

Gather the corn early in the morning, so that a lot of it can be got ready by noon. Put a wash boiler or



COMMON SENSE EVAPORATOR.

a large-sized lard can half full of water on the stove. Husk the corn and pick very clean of silks. When the water boils put in the corn, letting it remain for 15 or 20 minutes; or just as soon as the milk is set take out quickly. Put in more corn, adding more water from time to time as is necessary. The water should cover the corn; only be sure the water is boiling when corn is put in. When cool enough remove corn from the cob by first cutting the thinnest possible slice off the ends of the grain with a sharp knife; then scrape with a dull knife until all the pulp and chit are scraped out. This leaves all the husk of the grain on the cob.

The corn is now ready for the evaporator and will dry in 24 hours if proper heat is kept up. If covered tightly until cool and then placed in paper meal bags that have been subjected to heat in the evaporator, and put in a tight box or drawer, or some other dark, dry place it will keep until corn comes again. No worms will get into it.

I will give plans for an evaporator which any man or boy handy with tools can make. If the evaporator cannot be made the corn can be dried in the sun, but it must be subjected to heat before putting away.

Get a goods box two feet square and three feet high. Take out one end and one side. Bore six two-inch holes in top and tack on screen wire. Nail cleats 2 1/2 inches apart on sides to hold up trays, which should be made 1 1/2 inches shorter than box, so that every other tray can be pushed back, and the others pulled forward, so as to give a chance for distribution of heat. Then a door is made of the boards that come out of the side of the box so as to close all up tight. Now set four posts 7 1/2 feet above ground, just far enough apart to admit box; next build a furnace as per plan. Then board up inside posts and set box on top. A layer of rock or brick must be laid between the furnace and the boards to prevent them taking fire. Use an old stove door to close up front of furnace, propping it up about an inch at the bottom for draft. This evaporator can be used for drying all kinds of fruit.—Rural World.

## THE MARKET GARDEN.

Remove the seed-bearing tops from asparagus to prevent added plants from seed. For new beds, fall planting answers, on sandy or well-drained soil.

To make a wet garden dry, and get rid of a surplus of coal ashes: Dig a trench across the upper end and down one side two feet deep, fill to within ten inches of the top with coal ashes, level down the ground.

To get choice egg plant seed, select a few of the finest plants in the patch, pick off all but two or three of the best fruits and let these grow until they are dead ripe. Keep all new bloom on these plants from setting fruit.

All garden varieties of beans in a ripe state are much superior to white field beans for the table. Gather and dry immediately they are ripe. Secure late green beans before frosts, salting down the surplus for winter use. Select for seed the largest pods that are the lowest on the stem, or if some hills have been left for seed take only the best.—Farm Journal.

## Plant More Peach Trees.

There should be more peach orchards, and the sections in which peaches have not given good results may now prove suitable, as the abandonment of the peach for several years also obliterates the diseases. In some localities, where the peach formerly failed, good results are now reported. Peach trees may be planted closer together than apple or pear trees, and they come into bearing within three years old, some varieties earlier. It is claimed that if a peach orchard gives but one good crop in four years it will pay for the experiment.

## FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

Millions Are Wasted Every Year in Repairing Roads Which Were Worthless to Begin With.

There is food for thought in the report of the Maryland geological survey for 1899. In the first place we are told that the people of Maryland have expended during the last ten years upon the so-called construction and repair of their own roads, the sum of no less than \$5,000,000. It seems that the greater part of this money has been frittered away in the attempt to repair roads which have been poorly laid out in the first place, and for the lack of certain necessary engineering qualifications can, in the nature of things, never be made into good roads. As an instance of this it may be mentioned that many of the common roads have no natural drainage. We are told that most of them are in a poor condition for a part of the year, and some of them for the whole 12 months.

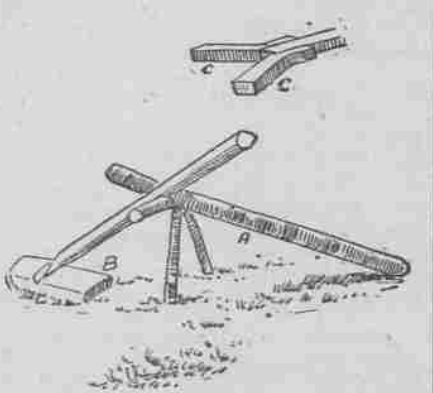
As the result of a careful estimate made by the survey, it is shown that the farmers of the state of Maryland expend \$3,000,000 a year more on their hauling over the present poorly built highways than would be necessary if the hauling were done on first-class roads. These figures are to be compared with the information collected by the department of agriculture in 1895, when, as the result of data received from 1,200 counties in various parts of the United States, it was ascertained that the average cost of hauling one ton for one mile over country roads was 25 cents; which was just three times as much as the average cost of hauling over the improved macadam roads of six European countries. If this large sum of money represents the loss to the state of Maryland from poor roads, it is easy to say that the total loss throughout the whole United States represents a figure so great that it must have an important bearing upon the prosperity of the country at large, and particularly upon the farming interests as such.

At first sight it seems incredible that in a country so progressive as ours the condition of the common roads should be over half a century behind that of the old world. It is true that the vast extent of the United States, and the great mileage of our roads in some states relative to the density of the population, may be offered as an excuse for our backwardness; but while this plea may hold good as regards the thinly populated western and southern states, it cannot be applied to the older, more populous and wealthy sections of the country.—Scientific American.

## POINTING FENCE POSTS.

A Little Contrivance That Will Be Appreciated by All Who May Give It a Fair Trial.

For pointing fence posts, secure a forked sapling (a) eight feet long and three inches in diameter. Just below the fork insert two tough oak legs six or eight inches from the fork through



FENCE-MAKING HELPER.

1 1/2-inch holes, so the feet will be five feet apart on the ground. For hewing, use any block or stump, as at b. In cutting, use a double bit ax of 3 1/2 pounds weight, one edge very thin, the other thick enough to withstand any contact with knots. In the absence of a natural fork, use two pieces of good timber (c) two inches square and ten inches long. Bevel one end to give the proper spread. Nail or bolt these to the end of an eight-foot piece, making an artificial fork.—A. Byers, in Farm and Home.

## THE THINKING PERSON.

Exercising the Brain a Little Saves Many Steps and a Lot of Unnecessary Effort.

It is surprising how people will fritter away time and take thousands of unnecessary steps because they do not exercise their brains a little. I have seen men make four trips from the house to the barn to get four little things they needed. I have seen women make six trips between the table and pantry in moving six little things, three from each place, when the whole could have been done in one trip. I have seen them go into every room in getting ready to go to town or to church. Dress would be in one room, collar in another, hair pins in another, hat in another, then back to the first room for a handkerchief, and so on, until they had walked nearly a mile; and when they were ready to start they would be sweating and "all tired out!" I have seen men leave the doubletires, clevis or a chain a quarter of a mile down the field, and an hour later have to walk there to get them. By keeping our wits about us all the time we can save a multitude of steps and hours of time every week. An old farmer once said to his son: "Don't take a step, John, until you see whether you can save two or three. Do one thing going and another coming if you possibly can. Don't wear yourself out unnecessarily!"—Farm and Fireside.



## MCKINLEY'S WAR RECORD.

A Thrilling Incident of the Battle of Antietam in Which He Was the Central Figure.

"There are some romances of war which almost reconcile one to its grim tragedies, because war alone can weave the threads and develop the qualities of heroes," said a writer in Success.

"The civil war had scarcely broken out when a sturdy lad of 17 walked into the recruiting office of John C. Fremont, the great pathfinder, in an Ohio town.

"He simply asked to be enlisted and sent to the front. His eagerness was noticed by the veteran plainsman, who spoke kindly to him and ordered that his name be enrolled.

"There began a life romance which culminated in the white house. The boy was William McKinley. He was assigned to the Twenty-third Ohio regiment, of which Rutherford B. Hayes was colonel.

"At Antietam came an incident which, in my opinion, is one of the most thrilling of that awful war. Lee had pushed his victorious legions into Maryland. Stonewall Jackson was by his side. Longstreet was in the front of the fight—all on the southern side. On the northern side were McClellan and Sheridan, grimly contesting every foot of the advance. On the first day of the battle, September 17, 1862, the troops on both sides fought with such desperation that no less than 23,000 men were wounded or killed. On the second day, from early morning, Lee's terrific fire was directed upon the federal line, which had been turned against his right. On the banks of the creek, to the left of the bridge, was the Twenty-third Ohio. Col. Hayes had been wounded shortly before, at South Mountain, so he was not in command of his regiment this day. He was in the village a few miles to the rear, watching the smoke of battle in agonized unrest. Gen. Scammon was in command in his stead. Away to the rear was the commissary sergeant of the regiment, waiting for orders. As the hot and dusty day wore on and evening fell this sergeant grew impatient to be at the front, not to fight, but to carry food and drink to his exhausted comrades, who had had neither breakfast nor dinner. Finally he hooked up two wagons, called for volunteer drivers, and started for the front without orders. As he approached the front one team of mules was shot down. With the other he pushed on, braving the leaden hail and the bursting shells, and succeeded in reaching the boys of his command.

"How they cheered him as he drove up! A few minutes later Gen. Scam-



HOW THEY CHEERED HIM AS HE DROVE UP.

mon rode up to ascertain the cause of the cheering. Instead of reprimanding the boy, he thanked him for his thoughtfulness and bravery and permitted him to distribute the refreshments under fire. With his own hand Sergt. McKinley—for it was he—passed around cups of steaming hot coffee and liberal rations of bread and meat. The fight was maintained right along. The battle proved to the north that Lee could be defeated.

"Col. Hayes was so pleased when he heard of this exploit that he asked Gov. Todd, of Ohio, to commission the boy a lieutenant. This was done September 24, 1862.

"Thus in one brave boy's life there has been a triple romance—his enlistment by presidential candidate, his recommendation by another man who became president for a commission, and finally his own accession to the chief magistracy of the nation."

## Didn't Know the Article.

Some people from the city were camping on the shore of a little lake in Vermont. One day two young ladies of the party went to the nearest store and asked for deviled ham. Of course the rural proprietor did not keep such a wicked-sounding article. After the young ladies had gone out a loafer said to the proprietor:

"What on earth'd them gals want?" "Land 'f I know," was the reply. "Some hellish stuff or 'nuther."—Judge.

## Worse Than Bullets.

A soldier of the Twentieth Kansas tells this story at the expense of a fellow-soldier: "When we were sent out on the firing-line, Pete Hogan was lying behind a tree, out of the way of bullets. All at once he yelled out like a wild man: 'Captain, I cannot stand these damned ants biting me all the time!' Zip! A bullet passed close to his body. 'On second thoughts, captain,' he yelled, 'I can stand them!'"—San Francisco Argonaut.

## PICTURES OF THE SLAIN.

Grotesque Enterprise of a Case-Hardened Photographer Who Took "Sittings" of the Dead.

There are those who recall entertainingly recollections of photographing the dead. With one of these the narrator is acquainted, and in a recent conversation he indulged in tales of experiences that are worth repeating, says the Philadelphia Times. Said he: "I first took pictures of the dead on the battlefield of Antietam. It was a warm September morning, three days after the great fight. I had a boy with me to assist in preparing the chemicals. He only worked for an hour. With boyish curiosity he went poking about and picked up an unexploded shell. He was then on the bank of a creek about half a mile off. I never knew how it happened, but the bomb exploded and almost blew him to pieces.

"It would be useless to go over the scene of that carnage again to tell of the ghastly aftereffects of that awful fight, which made so many widows and orphans. I was nervous and excited, and you can depend it did not tend to quiet my nerves when I unwittingly



PHOTOGRAPHING THE DEAD.

planted one leg of the camera stand on the chest of a dead union drummer boy. By some means he had been partly buried in a patch of soft soil. Nothing was visible but the buttons of his blouse and one foot. A 'dark-room' was improvised by hanging heavy army blankets from the limbs of a low tree, and after taking four negatives I packed up my traps and started for Philadelphia.

It was a slow and dangerous journey, but I made it safely and began printing pictures. They sold like wildfire at 50 cents and one dollar each. I was nearly \$2,000 in pocket in less than two weeks and determined to repeat the programme after the next big battle. It came with Fredericksburg. My anxiety to get a view of the field after the retreat of the union army led to trouble. I was captured by three confederate stragglers and taken down the Rappahannock in a rowboat. They suspected me of being a spy, I suppose, and the photographing apparatus merely a blind. At any rate the valuable camera, chemicals, jars and everything else were dumped into the river. I was taken before Gen. Lee, personally, and charged with being a spy. No explanation availed anything. It was not believed that I was a photographer. One of Gen. Lee's staff—I think his name was Murray—proposed that I should be tested. An aid de camp galloped off and procured the necessary apparatus and I photographed the general and his entire staff on a day cold enough to freeze the words in a man's mouth. The officers were evidently impressed with the idea of my innocence. A short consultation followed, and then Gen. Lee himself said to me: 'Sir, it appears that you are simply engaged in earning a livelihood, and I believe honestly. You are at liberty.' I was blindfolded, put back in the boat and landed within 20 miles of where Burnside had his winter quarters. From that day to this I never knew where I was. Here is the picture of Lee and his staff," and the photographer exhibited the faded likeness which had probably saved his life.

## COL. BOB AND GEN. LEE.

An Old Army Mule That Obeys Military Orders and Needs No Driving Lines.

A military mule and a military negro driver are curiosities of the street cleaning department, and when the pair get a Bay street assignment they command lots of attention. A reporter was near the corner of Bay and Hogan streets the other day when Col. Bob, the negro, and Gen. Lee, the mule, came to empty the garbage barrels, says the Florida Times-Union and Citizen.

"Halt!" rang out in stentorian tones, and caused everybody to look up. Col. Bob hoisted the barrel and the mule tried to kick a fly from his nose with his hind hoof. "Tention!" called Col. Bob in military accents, and the mule pricked up his ears and threw his head high in the air.

When the garbage had been collected Col. Bob wished to cross the street, and, shouldering his spade, he called "Right wheel, forward march!" and without glancing at the mule Col. Bob marched across the street and Gen. Lee wheeled around and crossed over, until the cry "Halt!" again greeted his long ears. When the dump cart had been filled Col. Bob mounted the seat and called "Tention, parade dress, step lively now," and without requiring Col. Bob to touch the lines the mule took the right side of the street and went off at a quiet trot.

Gen. Lee was formerly an army mule and was purchased by the city when the soldiers left Jacksonville at the close of the Spanish-American war. Col. Bob was a truckman in the commissary department and drove Gen. Lee during the encampment here.